

COLORADO CARPET CLEAN

BY TOMMY BRANDO

I ARRIVED in Aspen after being hired by two beautiful trophy girlfriends of an oil tycoon. I thought it was going to be a normal weekend of normal companionship, but boy, was I wrong.

The limo driver picked me up at the airport and drove me to their gorgeous chalet. I was greeted in the driveway by Laura, a total knockout in her early thirties, with long dark hair, a beautiful round ass, and smoky eyes. She approached me with a friendly kiss and told me that she and her girlfriend, a 22-year-old Asian beauty named Julie, had been looking forward to this for a long time.

Laura and Julie spent a lot of time together because of their big-oil sugar daddy, but they were also in their own separate relationship. Laura was the dominant one, and young, lithe Julie was her submissive.

The house was insane. Game room, sauna, gym, massage room, and ten bedrooms. Laura and Julie were well taken care of, and they took great care of their man...but this weekend was for them. Big Oil was nowhere in sight.

and I couldn't do anything but watch. In fact, I wasn't allowed to come at all until nighttime. I was absolutely crazed but I managed to deliver by *not* delivering. We would play three or four times a day, and even when we stopped for meals and hydration all I could think of was continuing, hoping I'd be allowed to come. I didn't get a chance to use the gym, but I didn't miss anything because these ladies were giving me the workout of a lifetime. When I was permitted to finally come, I let out what can only be described as a loud bear growl, which Laura and Julie loved.

This wasn't the first time a woman in Laura's situation had hired me for pleasure. It's about a woman wanting to be in control for a change, to have the sex *they* want, when they want it. She paid for my time with her own money, but at the end of the three days, she decided she wanted more. I agreed to extend my time because I was having a blast. Laura called Big Oil and asked if he would pay for five more days. To my surprise, not only did he say yes, but he was flying in to join us.

I had no idea what to expect. The ladies were aware that I don't get intimate with men, and assured me it wasn't like that at all. The

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After a few drinks, some food, and light conversation by the fireplace, I couldn't believe my luck: They wanted total control. I was floored by my surroundings, but it was a great change from being the hunter to becoming the hunted. I loved having someone else in charge and Laura made it clear that I was theirs.

The evening kicked off with me getting an incredible four-handed massage, until Laura and Julie rolled me over. I was completely naked, and I admit I was having a hard time not exploding with all the sexual mayhem. Laura ordered Julie to suck my cock while she whispered dirty talk in my ear. "This is our cock for the weekend and we're going to do whatever we want to you. Wait till you taste her pussy, it's the sweetest pussy you'll ever have." Julie did everything Laura told her to do, but I could also see that they were in love. I loved being their weekend delight.

There were definite rules, and although I was happy to comply, it wasn't always easy. I had to sit in a very plush leather chair in one of the bedrooms and watch them go crazy on each other,

mansion belonged to Big Oil and he wanted to make sure I was a good guy. It seemed natural to me that he was being protective.

Big Oil was about 55 years old, super-cool actually. There wasn't an iota of jealousy coming from him; in fact, he was excited about the situation. The rooms were wired for cameras and he told me he was looking forward to watching me with his ladies from a video screen in his own bedroom. He was a voyeur and he had real affection for Laura and Julie, and enjoyed watching them having a good time.

The week unfolded. Sometimes Laura would send Julie to her room while she and I spent the night together, and sometimes the three of us shared the same bed. It turned me on whenever I saw a red light go on in the corner of the room, because I knew Big Oil was watching, so I gave it my all. I wanted him to enjoy the view.

I was treated like their toy until the very end. Even on our way to the airport, Laura and Julie went down on me together in the limo.


I flew home to Florida with a massive erection and a big smile from the satisfaction of a job well done...and a legendary week. 







PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / MILAN TOMAZIN

THE GREAT FOREVER WAR

BY MATT GALLAGHER

PART of the gig of a veteran-writer is talking to ROTC cadets and at the military academies about war and leadership. These conversations and events serve as highlights for life on the road; they're usually an engaged (albeit sleep-deprived) audience, for one, and they're certainly a captive one. The same can't be said at bookstores and the like when, as an author, you're just hoping there won't be any crazy and/or homeless people in attendance. (Nothing against my vagabond friends, but they tend to be more interested in heat and lodging than an exchange of bookish ideas.)

Anyhow, some fifteen years after 9/11 and the invasion of Afghanistan, I realized this year that war isn't just these cadets' and midshipmen's futures—it's their pasts, too. Their entire pasts. Somehow, somehow, we have an entire generation of young Americans who only know and remember their nation at war, blowing shit up in strange, dusty lands far from home, losing soldiers and Marines in those same strange, dusty lands. And yet despite all that, or in some cases perhaps because of it, these 18-to-22-year-old kids are joining the military to serve.

It seems likely that some readers of *Penthouse* and *Embrace the Suck* columns fall in that age range, too, and some joined the service thinking through the very same ideas and issues.



“SOLDIER WHO SAID HE’D FIGHT WAR SO ‘SON WOULDN’T HAVE TO’ FEELS LIKE AN ASSHOLE RIGHT NOW.”

Christ, that’s courage. For better or worse, in my era of youth in the aughts, our country and political leaders at least *pretended* our foreign wars would, and could, end. Now we don’t even use the term “forever war” ironically. While that shift in thinking deeply concerns me, both for our republic’s present and for its future, it only calls more attention to the resolve of the young people who are willing to give their lives for our nation’s defense. It’s not a question of if they’ll see combat. It’s a matter of when and where.

We’ve gotten to the point that children of Global War on Terror (GWOT) veterans are now becoming GWOT vets themselves. Recent news articles have interviewed young soldiers who are deploying to Iraq in support of counter-ISIS operations whose fathers served in Afghanistan and that very same Iraq a decade-plus ago. A warrior caste separate and distinct from the society that wrought them is, slowly and surely, coming into being. The whole thing brings to mind the hilarious (and damningly prescient) satirical Duffel Blog headline: “Soldier Who Said He’d Fight War So ‘Son Wouldn’t Have To’ Feels Like An Asshole Right Now.”

Oof.

While the historical parallels for the effects and consequences of protracted, unending conflicts aren’t great—there’s the slow decline of the Roman Empire partly brought on by constant skirmishing along their western and northern frontiers, for example—there is an argument for what we’re doing beyond an Orwellian “We’re at war because we’ve always been at war and thus always will be at war.” It’s that peace over there isn’t the point, but calm back here is. It’s that a slow burn impacting the few benefits the nation more than a quick burst that involves the many. It’s that even if the radicalism and extremism we’re confronting overseas could be exterminated (and it can’t,

because while militaries can be destroyed with force, ideologies cannot be), it wouldn’t be worth it to go all-in. Not in lives, not in resources. A contrary lesson taught by the past from Athens and the Peloponnesian War to France in post-World War II Algeria.

Sorry to bore you with all the history talk, but it’s important, I promise.

America, fifteen years after 9/11, stands at a crossroads. Despite the many mistakes, tragedies, and outright failures of the past decade-plus, we’re still a beacon for good in a world on fire. The separation between soldier and citizen, veteran and civilian, has never been wider in this country. For some very good reasons, our leaders decided (and have continued to decide) that keeping the slow-burn warfare going with an all-volunteer military is our best option. For some other very good reasons, that decision (or continual set of indecisions, if you prefer) is rightly called out as a proverbial kicking the can down the road. This is not sustainable. And yet, we’re in the midst of proving that it actually is.

I’ve written here before about how it’s up to us as a collective to take back our military, to ensure it’s always utilized for something achievable, for something where force is the last option because all other options have been exhausted. Because that’s how a republic behaves, because that’s how we were set up, and because that’s how adults should just fucking function. All that’s well and good. But maybe more people might think about that, or at least consider some of those ideas, if they were confronted by the resolve and earnestness of this new generation of Americans joining up. A generation that’s only known their country to be at war and still are deciding, *Yes, send me.*

They’re more than worthy of us. It’s about damn time we do the same for them. 